

## Heavy Heavy What Hangs Over

In the woods way back  
is always burden.  
Ready to jump back on.  
Do I really mean what I feel  
sometimes?  
Is there the long  
connection to everywhere  
at once as it seems.  
Who fleshes these woods?  
I walk the flat creek steps  
letting up but  
there is burden,  
ready to spring.  
He is squatted down.  
The stone house made with stones.  
Let the old cat die,  
the old cat die down.  
Burden is my twin,  
is what I dread and am.  
Well, all right, Burden,  
ready or not I'm coming.

### Misplaced

Where did I put that  
dream I had  
word for word  
a black funeral wagon  
(no that was real)  
and the man pushing  
his cart with the skinned  
rabbits

no that was real too  
and the black private horses  
and me feeling skin  
warm in the plane tree's  
down yellow stairs

I have my oeil on you  
said the concierge  
and walked back down  
her staircase stairs  
down to those open  
box-like stalls,  
yes, here we go  
that man-woman  
plainly removing garbage.

-- Ellen Tift

Elmira, N. Y.